

You told vs of some suite. What is't *Laertes*?  
You cannot speake of Reason to the Dane,  
And loose your voyce. What would'st thou beg *Laertes*,  
That shall not be my Offer, nor thy Asking?  
The Head is not more Native to the Heart,  
The Hand more Instrumentall to the Mouth,  
Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father.  
What would'st thou haue *Laertes*?

*Laer.* Dread my Lord,  
Your leaue and fauour to returne to France,  
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke  
To shew my duty in your Coronation,  
Yet now I must confesse, that duty done,  
My thoughts and wishes bend againe towards France,  
And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

*King.* Haue you your Fathers leaue?  
What sayes *Polonius*?

*Pol.* He hath my Lord;

I do beseech you giue him leaue to go.

*King.* Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,  
And thy best graces spend it at thy will:  
But now my Cofin *Hamlet*, and my Sonne?

*Ham.* A little more then kin, and lesse then kinde.

*King.* How is it that the Clouds still hang on you?

*Ham.* Not so my Lord, I am too much i'th' Sun.

*Queen.* Good *Hamlet* cast thy nightly colour off,  
And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke.

Do not for euer with thy veyled lids

Seeke for thy Noble Father in the dust;

Thou know'st 'tis common, all that liues must dye,  
Passing through Nature, to Eternity.

*Ham.* I Madam, it is common.

*Queen.* If it be;

Why seemes it so particular with thee.

*Ham.* Seemes Madam? Nay, it is: I know not Seemes:

'Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)

Nor Customary suites of solemne Blacke,

Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,

No, nor the fruitfull Riuer in the Eye,

Nor the delected hauiour of the Visage,

Together with all Formes, Moods, shewes of Griefe,

That can denote me truly. These indeed Seeme,

For they are actions that a man might play:

But I haue that Within, which passeth show;

These, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe.

*King.* 'Tis sweet and commendable

In your Nature *Hamlet*,

To giue these mourning duties to your Father:

But you must know, your Father lost a Father,

That Father lost, lost his, and the Surruiner bound

In filiall Obligation, for some terme

To do obsequious Sorrow. But to perseuer

In obstinate Condolement, is a course

Of impious stubbornnesse. 'Tis vmanly grieffe,

It shewes a will most incorrect to Heauen,

A Heart vnfortified, a Minde impatient,

An Vnderstanding simple, and vnchool'd:

For, what we know must be, and is as common

As any the most vulgar thing to sense,

Why should we in our peeuish Opposition

Take it to heart? 'Ere, 'tis a fault to Heauen,

A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature,

To Reason most absurd, whose common Theame

Is death of Fathers, and who still hath cried,

From the first Coarse, till he that dyed to day,

This must be so. We pray you throw to earth

This vnpreuayling woe, and thinke of vs  
As of a Father; For let the world take note,  
You are the most immediate to our Throne,  
And with no lesse Nobility of Loue,  
Then that which deere'st Father beares his Sonne,  
Do I impart towards you. For your intent  
In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,  
It is most retrograde to our desire:

And we beseech you, bend you to remaine  
Heere in the cheere and comfort of our eye,  
Our cheefest Courtier Cofin, and our Sonne.

*Laer.* Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers *Hamlet*:  
I prythee stay with vs, go not to Wittenberg.

*Ham.* I shall in all my best

Obeey you Madam.

*King.* Why 'tis a louing, and a faire Reply,  
Be as our selfe in Denmarke. Madam come,  
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*  
Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,  
No iocund health that Denmarke drinks to day,  
But the great Cannon to the Clouds shall tell,  
And the Kings Rounce, the Heauens shall bruite againe,  
Respeaking earthly Thunder. Come away. *Exeunt*

*Hamlet.*  
*Ham.* Oh that this too too solid Flesh, would melt,  
Thaw, and resolue it selfe into a Dew:

Or that the Euerlasting had not fixt  
His Cannon 'gainst Selfe-slaughter. O God, O God!

How weary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable  
Seemes to me all the vses of this world?

Fie on't! Oh fie, fie, 'tis an vnweeded Garden  
That growes to Seed: Things rank, and grosse in Nature

Possesse it meere. That it should come to this:  
But two months dead: Nay, not so much; not two,

So excellent a King, that was to this  
*Hyperion* to a Satyre: so louing to my Mother,

That he might not beteene the windes of heauen  
Visit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth

Must I remember: why she would hang on him,  
As if increase of Appetite had growne

By what it fed on; and yet within a month?  
Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman.

A little Month, or ere those shooes were old,  
With which she followed my poore Fathers body

Like *Niobe*, all teares. Why she, euen she,  
(O Heauen! A beast that wants discourse of Reason

Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine Vnkle,  
My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,

Then I to *Hercules*. Within a Moneth?  
Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous Teares

Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,  
She married. O most wicked speed, to post

With such dexterity to incestuous sheets:  
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.

But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

*Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.*

*Hor.* Haile to your Lordship.

*Ham.* I am glad to see you well:

*Horatio*, or I do forget my selfe.

*Hor.* The same my Lord,

And your poore Seruant euer.

*Ham.* Sir my good friend,

Ile change that name with you:

And what make you from Wittenberg *Horatio*?

*Marcellus.*

*Mar.* My good Lord.

*Ham.* I am very glad to see you: good euen Sir.

But what in faith make you from *Wittenberge*?

*Hor.* A truant disposition, good my Lord.

*Ham.* I would not haue your Enemy say so;

Nor shall you doe mine care that violence,

To make it truster of your owne report

Against your selfe. I know you are no Truant:

But what is your affaire in *Elfenour*?

We'll teach you to drinke deepe, ere you depart.

*Hor.* My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funerall.

*Ham.* I pray thee doe not mock me (fellow Student)

I thinke it was to see my Mothers Wedding.

*Ham.* Indeed my Lord, it followed hard vpon.

*Ham.* Thrift, thrift *Horatio*: the Funerall Bakt-meats

Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables;

Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen,

Ere I had euer seene that day *Horatio*.

My father, methinks I see my father.

*Hor.* Oh where my Lord?

*Ham.* In my minds eye (*Horatio*)

*Hor.* I saw him once; he was a goodly King.

*Ham.* He was a man, take him for all in all:

I shall not look vpon his like againe.

*Hor.* My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight.

*Ham.* Saw? Who?

*Hor.* My Lord, the King your Father,

*Ham.* The King my Father?

*Hor.* Season your admiration for a while

With an attent eare; till I may deliuer

Vpon the witness of these Gentlemen,

This maruell to you.

*Ham.* For Heauens loue let me heare.

*Hor.* Two nights together, had these Gentlemen

(*Marcellus* and *Barnardo*) on their Watch

In the dead wast and middle of the night

Beene thus encountered. A figure like your Father,

Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap a Pe*,

Appeares before them, and with solemne march

Goes slow and stately: By them thrice he walkt,

By their opprest and feare-surprized eyes,

Within his Truncheons length; whilst they bestil'd

Almost to Ielly with the Act of feare,

Stand dumbe and speake not to him. This to me

In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,

And I with them the third Night kept the Watch,

Whereas they had deliuer'd both in time,

Forme of the thing; each word made true and good,

The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:

These hands are not more like.

*Ham.* But where was this?

*Mar.* My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watcht.

*Ham.* Did you not speake to it?

*Hor.* My Lord, I did;

But answer made it none: yet once me thought

It lifted vp it head, and did addresse

It selfe to motion, like as it would speake:

But euen then, the Morning Cocke crew lowd;

And at the found it shrunke in hast away,

And vanish from our sight.

*Ham.* Tis very strange.

*Hor.* As I doe liue my honour'd Lord 'tis true;

And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty

To let you know of it.

*Ham.* Indeed, indeed Sirs; but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch to Night?

*Both.* We doe my Lord.

*Ham.* Arm'd, say you?

*Both.* Arm'd, my Lord.

*Ham.* From top to toe?

*Both.* My Lord, from head to foote.

*Ham.* Then saw you not his face?

*Hor.* O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beauer vp.

*Ham.* What, lookt he frowningly?

*Hor.* A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

*Ham.* Pale, or red?

*Hor.* Nay very pale.

*Ham.* And fixt his eyes vpon you?

*Hor.* Most constantly.

*Ham.* I would I had bene there.

*Hor.* It would haue much amaz'd you.

*Ham.* Very like, very like: said it long?

*Hor.* While one with moderate hast might tell a hun-

dred.

*All.* Longer, longer.

*Hor.* Not when I saw't.

*Ham.* His Beard was grisy? no.

*Hor.* It was, as I haue seene it in his life,

A Sable Silver'd. *(gaine)*

*Ham.* Ile watch to Night; perchance 'twill wake a

*Hor.* I warrant you it will.

*Ham.* If it assume my noble Fathers person,

Ile speake to it, though Hell it selfe should gape

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,

If you haue hitherto conceald this fight,

Let it bee treble in your silence still:

And whatsoeuer els shall hap to night,

Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue;

I will requite your loues; so, fare ye well:

Vpon the Platforme twixt eleuen and twelue,

Ile visit you. *Exeunt*

*All.* Our duty to your Honour.

*Ham.* Your loue, as mine to you: farewell.

My Fathers Spirit in Armes? All is not well:

I doubt some foule play: would the Night were come;

Till then sit still my soule; foule deeds will rise,

Though all the earth orewhelm them to mens eies. *Exit.*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter Laertes and Ophelia.*

*Laer.* My necessities are imbarke't; Farewell:

And Sister, as the Winds giue Benefit,

And Conuoy is assistant; doe not sleepe,

But let me heare from you.

*Ophel.* Doe you doubt that?

*Laer.* For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his fauours,

Hold it a fashion and a toy in Bloud;

A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature;

Froward, not permanent; sweet not lasting

The suppliance of a minute? No more.

*Ophel.* No more but so.

*Laer.* Thinke it no more:

For nature cressant does not grow alone,

In thewes and Bulke: but as his Temple waxes,

The inward seruice of the Minde and Soule

Growes wide withall. Perhaps he loues you now,

And now no foyle nor cautell doth besmerch

The vertue of his feare: but you must feare

His